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THE

UTAH REVIEW.

REV. THEOPHILUS B. HILTON, A. M., EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

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THE UTAH REVIEW.

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VOLUME I. SEPTEMBER, 1881. NUMBER III.

I.

THE LORDS AND THE LAND BILL.

The House of Lords is in many respects an anomalous legislative body. Though consisting of nearly 600 members, it may proceed to business where three peers are present. This modest quorum is made necessary by the fact that all bills of importance must originate in the Commons and cannot be amended without danger of damaging conflict with the Lower House. Most Lords take little interest in exercising the limited powers now left them. Nominally the Lords still have the power to amend or reject any bill; actually they content themselves with slight and unimportant suggestions, except where, as in the case of the Land Bill, their interests are deeply concerned.

The average attendance including proxies, for members may vote through proxy, is less than fifty, and at all times the Upper Chamber is governed more by the penalties that polite society inflicts on those who offend against decorum than by its loose rules of order. The Lord Chancellor, ex-officio speaker, is not required to enforce the rules nor even to decide who has the floor.

How is it, it may be asked, that this select body of gentlemen of leisure has dared to come so sharply into conflict with the representatives of the people as they have done by so mutilating the Land Bill as to make it almost worthless? It is evident enough that they have plenty of reason to fear a measure for Ireland that if passed will lead to a similar one for England. It means a serious loss of dignity and income and the Lords are acting intelligently in risking such legislative independence as is left them in the effort to retain their rent rolls intact.

Your peer also has a practical eye. But it is foolish to sacrifice even what you look on as only your second best bower in an effort to retain what is clearly irrecoverable. The Lords would not act as they are

doing were they aware of the resistless strength of the tides of public feeling against them.

England has long been a deferential country and great noblemen still personally surrounded by obsequious lackeys are the last to perceive how rapidly it is abandoning its feudal reverence for titled names. American ideas of individual right are most potent. Yet all men feel them more than the nobility. Few of them travel except to a limited extent on the Continent of Europe where they can secure the usual attention to their rank. The few who come here as peers are mostly junior members of noble families only called Lords by courtesy, as the actual magnate does not much like to rub against a genuine democracy.

But now that they have through ignorance or infatuation encountered the Commons on the Irish question, what are to be the consequences of their act? The English people are strangely conservative. In cases of a determined conflict between the two Houses, the people's representatives have usually carried their point by indirection in preference to remodeling or abolishing the Second Chamber. A small hostile majority has several times been overcome by the creation of a sufficient number of new peers to enable the Government to carry its measure. A serious threat by the Prime Minister that he will thus "water" the body is usually enough to frighten the refractories into withdrawing when the vote is taken and so to secure the passage of the obnoxious bill. Mr. Gladstone has made this threat and the Lords have defied him. Not only so but the majorities by which they seek to make fundamental changes in the Land Bill are so large, that the old device may be regarded as impracticable. We may expect the dissolution of Parliament and a new general election. If the people endorse the Land Bill by sending another body of Representatives favorable to it and the Lords again reject it, the fate of the historic, but now objective body, is sealed.

CHARLES W. PEARSON.

———o———

"The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them."—*Rowe.*

"Good deeds will shine as brightly on earth as the stars of Heaven."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

"The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution."—*Dr. Channing.*

"We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books."—*Sidney Smith.*

Feelings come and go like troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.—*Richter.*

II.

A WALK AND TALK ABOUT POMPEII.

Before Pompeii was exhumed—had the problem been propounded to the grandest council of the most noted *savans* ever assembled: Can a city be embalmed or hermetically sealed, with its people, buildings—everything, and resurrected intact after seventeen centuries? It may be safely affirmed, that with one voice the answer would have been given with all the dogmatic assurance of Hume in his famous plea against miracles. "It is against all antecedent probability to believe that such an event could take place."

And yet, as all the world knows, Vesuvius, on the 24th of August, 79 A. D., began this incredible operation and in three days had finished the unique job. Not even sciolists or novelists of the Disraeli ilk, with his favorite adage, "It is the unexpected that happens," would venture such a utopian creation. A French novelist of the extravaganza type alone might hazard such a weird conception.

Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. It is not within the aim or compass of this "talk," to notice even so much as the leading sights in a "walk" in this risen city. Though many volumes have been written on it, yet as new treasures are still being exhumed every day by the exploring parties, its story is but half told. Indeed, no description can ever adequately represent its myriad treasures of art, jewels, implements, utensils, personal effects, etc., etc.

As easily portray Niagara, the Alps, or an Italian Art Gallery with its masterpieces of painting and statuary as to do justice to Pompeii or convey the strange, unique feeling, akin to awe, admiration, wonder or pleasurable surprise, experienced in gazing on these long silent streets and houses. The latter the sarcophagi of their occupants for fifty generations.

Feeble are words to describe its wealth of splendid vessels and utensils contained in the chests and closets—gold, ivory, pearls and precious stones used to decorate tables, chairs and culinary vessels. Costly lamps and candalabra of most choice designs. The walls of the rooms covered with beautiful fresco paintings, with colors as vivid and fresh as if finished recently instead of early in the first century. On floor, wall and ceiling the richest marbles of various colors and designs sparkle and gleam like a galaxy of pearls or a coronet of diamonds.

Mosaics, figured in the most artistic designs, everywhere abound. Still more gorgeous temples and theatres, Forum, soldiers' and gladiators' quarters, dazzle the eye. Farther on, the Amphitheatre, then villas, terraces, vineyards, complete the view. The large lava stones of the pavements have the ruts made by the chariot wheels as distinct as if but

yesterday the Roman Jehu had driven his *biga* over them. Loaves of bread have been found in the oven crisped and over done, that the busy house-wife—good soul—in her final hurry and flurry, was unable to attend to. Wine in amphoræl, raisins and other fruits have likewise come forth from the cellars and side-boards where they were stored.

Those who care for such "airy nothings" may see the whole outfit of a leader of the *bon ton*, a lady's toilet, with dressing room, dormitory, baths, ornaments, amusements, mirrors, etc. All of which are as costly and varied as those of the most fashionable butterflies frittering away their worthless lives at Saratoga or Long Branch every summer.

The society belles of Pompeii rivaled if not surpassed their modern imitators in "esthetics" as evinced by their highly refined taste in fondling such pets as poodles *a la Americaine*, but more *recherche* still, having as toys, domesticated snakes—real, live, trailing serpents—to handle, coil around the neck, nestle on mantels among vases, flowers, in a word, enjoying the "freedom" or "run of the house."

A noticeable trait of the chief men of that period was strikingly similar to that of the late Beaconsfield, whose choicest enjoyment was to be entertained by fools of the other sex (†) with their drawing room chit-chat.

The magnificence of the residences and villas of the rich, surpass all our modern notions of affluence and splendor. All lands and climes yielded their quota to furnish gold, pearls, marbles, precious stones, fruits, spices, wines, game, etc., etc., which were lavished in oriental profusion to embellish and complete the varied appointments of these stately homes. The elegance and taste displayed in the artistic finish of these classic homes, as far surpassed the finest Fifth Avenue residences, as its Roman owner excelled in mental calibre, manly traits or physical force, the Knickerbocker occupant of the "brown stone front," or as the rich marble facing of the former mansion—the rough brown stone of the latter. Measuring by the modern base standard, "How much is it worth?" the Roman houses and estates far exceeded any since. An average house of the rich cost a quarter of a million dollars. The furnishing may be judged by the cost of some articles, e. g., a single cushion of embroidered silk with threads of gold, cost over $160,000 and this when labor was not paid a tithe of what it is now.

In the courts and grounds, scented fountains sparkled in the dazzling sunlight, dispensing coolness and fragrance. At night countless flickering candles or tapers, (as we use Chinese lanterns) in the shrubbery blended with the silvery sheen of the goddess of night to form a halo of fairy shimmering light, an adumbration of dreamland.

Music and dancing, by professionals or slaves, acrobats, conjurers and jesters afforded amusement for the guests in social entertainments. (‡)

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† His biographers tell us that the acme of his delight was, to relax and listen, passively, posing amid a bevy of chattering Countesses or other titled ignoble women.

‡ A single supper often cost over $8,000, a public or official festival sometimes between one and two millions.

The finest models of Grecian statuary with the diamonds and jewels of the guests added the crowning lustre to the effect of this galaxy of beauty and splendor. And if "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" was not attained yet doubtless all went as

"Merry as a marriage bell,'

and the cup of pleasure was as full as a sensuous elysium can supply. All this amid the balmy bowers of an almost Edemic profusion of flowers, shrubbery, trees and foliage, with birds from every clime of richest plumage and sweetest song, golden chalices brimful of nectar draughts of Falernian wine, ambrosian viands of epicurian delicacies served on tables of Parian marble—potation and regimen of the gods—a sensuous carnival, so faintly portrayed, beguiles the imagination away in a Mirza vision of an enchanted Beulah land or a Utopian paradise of poets and novelists. But this scene of Roman revelry and suggested romance, are alike gone and forgotten! Where are those gay voluptaries? Where you gentle reader and the writer will soon follow unless our lives are embalmed in noble deeds and "words fitly spoken which are as apples of gold in pictures of silver," imperishable mnemonics in the archives of memory of posterity.

Another thought *will* command attention in this train of ideas, rising up again and again from the nethermost depths of our souls no matter how much it may be repressed viz., not only how ephemeral, but also the rather how unreal and unsatisfying are the deepest, sweetest springs that fill the ruby cup of pleasure's most fortunate devotees, even those of imperial purple or blue blood, compared with the perennial joy in the heart of the humblest follower of the lowly Nazarene,

—"who knows
And knows no more. her Bible true."

There is space only for the briefest notice of the most impressive, weird, tragic scene of all, doubtless the most ghastly and realistic drama of death ever presented. Casts of human forms in the very posture the fatal tragedy overtook them. The Roman sentinel, sabre in hand, still standing in the sentry box by the city gate. Parents clasping their children, others clutching—with what proved to be a death grasp—their jewels, coin, or other valuables. Women and slaves, huddled together in some closet or cellar, all seeking to escape from the deluge of ashes, mud and pumice stones that so suddenly surged from the crater of the overshadowing Vesuvius, four miles off.

What a picture of the doom of the world, when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" when all living shall be stereotyped forever, good or bad as that day of doom shall find them!

Our party called at the house of an old dominie in classics of our early years, Sallust, whose residence like Pompey's and other chief citizens,' is still conspicuous. But he was "not at home," so we consoled ourselves by chipping off *souvenirs* from the walls of his late (not very) residence, though his brief, terse, knotty sentences, so hard to be rendered into our vernacular squarely, had already given us indelible mementos of him.

The *graffiti*, as illustrating the wit, humor and lively appreciation of the people, then as now, of the power of satire, irony or ridicule, in political or other affairs, tempt a notice *en passant*. These were brief inscriptions, a word, phrase, poetical quotation or an off-hand sentiment, scribbled with a nail, coal, chalk, or painted in fast colors on the stucco or stone of the walls of the houses inside or out, soliciting the citizens to vote for So & So for a certain office, or eulogizing or satirizing an officer, prominent citizen, or some project, custom or nuisance. Others indicated merely outbursts of personal admiration or spleen, forsooth, because the subscriber had been invited to supper by a leading citizen or *vice versa*. Guilds, corporations, trade's union or clubs endorse these recommendations as well as private persons, e. g. "Goldsmiths," "Bakers," "Cooks," and others comical as the society of "Late Topers" "Ball-players."

Apropos as a *finale* to the suggestive story of Pompeii, are the lines addressed to a mummy, substituting "Pompeiian" for "Egyptian" and changing a few words:

"And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story)
In Pompeii's streets two thousand years ago,
When the Coliseum was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces and piles stupendous
Of which the very ruins are stupenduous.
* * * *

Thou couldst develope if that charred tongue
Could tell us what those sightless orbs have seen
* * * * *

ANSWER.

Child of the later days! thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay
For since this smoke dried tongue of mine hath spoken
Two thousand tedious years have rolled away
Unswathed at length, I 'stand at ease' before you
List, then, O list, while I unfold my story."
* * * *

JAMES CAMPBELL, M. A.

———o———

The sure foundations of the State are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and every sneer at education, at culture, at book-learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin.—*George William Curtis.*

III.

EN ROUTE FROM INDIAN TERRITORY TO CHICAGO.

"Home again, home again from a foreign shore," for my last "outing" has been thorough—extending outside the United States! We Yankees are so far behind the times as not to know it, at least I didn't but the "five nations," Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chicasaw and Seminole, are a law unto themselves, having their own chiefs and statutes, and no man can by any means acquire a title to ground within their boundaries, except by marriage with an Indian woman, nor can any such alien and foreigner do business there except by special license. To give the slightest idea of all I learned in this wonderfully interesting land, of which the five nations form a part, would require more space than you can spare. My visit to the Modocs was the greatest "eye opener" of a lifetime. Our national vice-president, Mrs. E. H. Tuttle, and her noble husband Asa, (for they are Quakers, and this is their manner of speech "thee knows,") had these heathens given to them for an inheritance," and these "uttermost parts of the earth for a possession" seven years ago.

The world knows that bloody history of the war in the Lava Beds; of Capt. Jack and his tribe; of Gen. Canby, Dr. Thomas, and Col. Meacham; the first two slain and scalped, and the last left for dead. But the world does not know that Mrs. Tuttle, who is the greatest friend to the Indians whom I have ever seen, fervently prayed to God that these wild people might be given her to teach. She did not ask for them; she turned to no human power; Already for years a teacher among the Quapaws in the northeastern corner of the Territory, she was fully occupied, and had no reason to think that these captive Modocs would be brought to her one small corner of a territory 400 miles long, but lo and behold! one day some old cars rolled into the wayside station and then and there were literally "dumped" the captive Modocs, a couple of hundred or more, among them "Schack Nasta Jim," "Bogus Charlie," "Scar Faced Charlie," "Steamboat Frank," Capt. Jack's sister, called "Princess Mary," his two wives, and scores of "lesser lights." These people were without religion, except a general belief in the "Great Spirit and the happy hunting grounds." They practiced polygamy, burned their dead, were full of sorceries and incantations, rings in noses and paint on faces of some, knew nothing of industry or home making, much less of Christianity.

Seven years have passed; the Modocs have become members of the Society of Friends. They are a well-dressed, well-mannered, and most religious people. They have nice farms, they sing gospel hymns, they wear the blue ribbon, they believe in "Teacher," and take her advice as law and gospel, and they look upon Asa Tuttle as a new edition of the

Apostle John. Their neat church had been decorated in honor of my visit, with our motto in evergreen: "For God and Home and Native Land," each point of which was explained by Bro. Tuttle and received with high appreciation by his swarthy faced audience. (They all belong to the W. C. T. U., be it well understood, and have been thoroughly indoctrinated by Sister Tuttle in our history and aims.) I talked to them on Sabbath morning after a most interesting Bible lesson by the Tuttle's, exhibiting to them Sister Henry's experiment with water and alcohol to find out which is which. They listened most attentively, and when I had finished, all of their leading men came forward and spoke briefly, referring to what had been said and shaking hands at the close. Women also spoke, for the absurd notion that those who in largest number make up Christ's church should not be among his public witnesses, has not, of course, found place in this enlightened neighborhood. Indeed, the Indian preacher, "Steamboat Frank," often says his wife is far ahead of him in gifts—and all the people say "Amen." It was intended to have the little boys present our helpful Anna Gordon with bows and arrows, but as she did not accompany me, I took from Vinita, a bright Cherokee lady, who is postmistress there, Mrs. Arnold, and she made a nice little speech telling them she "was glad they meant to make the Modoc blood respected, even as the Cherokees were proud of theirs and had made it honorable." Then, to my entire surprise, four bright-eyed Modoc girls came forward, and holding a pretty bead basket trimmed with ribbon, they made, in perfect English and admirable concert, the following speech (written out for me by one of them:)

"Dear Miss Williard, we feel thankful to our Heavenly Father that we have been permitted to look into your face and listen to the good words you have spoken, and we hope that they will do us and our people good. We are poor little Indian children, and have nothing very nice that we can give you, but will you please accept this little basket as a token of our love, and when you look upon it, remember the little Modoc girls. And now may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; and the Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

Well, when those fresh young voices ceased, it was very quiet in the little church, for I tried in vain to speak, and we all cried together. Somehow it was so blessed and so wonderful—the change of these "Modocs of the Lava beds," and the dear gospel temperance cause which had brought us face to face had renewed so many ruined lives of those who sat about me, that I wished in vain "that my tongue might utter the thoughts that arose in me."

After which I told them that I had been welcomed by noble people in many different States, by Gov. St. John, of Kansas, and Colquitt, of Georgia, in words most brotherly: I had also talked with the great chief at the White House, and sat down at his table, but never until these little Modocs spoke had my heart been so deeply touched by human words, that I had vainly tried to make reply.

In the afternoon we rode six miles across a lovely country, to the Wyandotte Mission, where Dr. Kirk, a Friend from Indiana, has a thriv-

ing school. Here we saw Chief Cotter, who went with Fremont on his expedition, a noble, kindly looking man, whose gray hairs and fair complexion contrasted strongly with the unmixed blood of the Modocs, many of whom came to this meeting, and whose dark countenances and immensely tall heads tell of a will power greater than any cast can show in the famous phrenological collections of Fowler & Wells.

It was a day memorable, and a fit crown for my long trip, with its circuit of all the Southern States save West Virginia, its priceless friendships and the forty new W. C. T. Unions, in which Georgia Hulse McLeod and I have so gratefully rejoiced.

The next day Col. D. B. Dyer, Indian agent, drove me twenty-five miles to take the cars at Baxter Springs, for De Kalb convention, which I hope to reach this afternoon. Col. Dyer is a thorough temperance man and keeps a police of thirteen Indians on the alert, enforcing the prohibitory and other laws in his large agency, which includes two hundred thousand acres of land, with fifteen hundred Indians belonging to eight different tribes. The entire Territory includes eighty-seven thousand Indians—thirty-seven tribes and thirty-two languages.

I ought to have said that Mrs. Dyer, an Illinois lady by the way, did the driving of the two spirited horses that careered with us across the bright fragrant prairie, and I wish to add that she told me she had often taken that long drive alone, and without weapons. We must revise our ignorant ideas of the Indian Territory by the fact that it is full of churches, school houses and homes, and that it is minus *tramps* and *saloons*—two prevailing accompaniments of the white man's civilization!

Yours for the day when Chicago may be as reputable and as safe,

FRANCES E. WILLIARD,—In *Signal.*

———o———

IV.

THE MOUNTAIN SONG.

I am the herdsman here on high;
Beneath me see the castle lie;
Upon me shine the sun's first beams;
His last glow reddening o'er me gleams.
I am the mountain herdsman.

Here streams are cradled at their birth;
I drink them fresh from Mother Earth;
O'er rocks they rush in wildest leap;
I catch them ere they touch the steep.
I am the mountain herdsman.

The snow peaks are my loved domain;
Here gather mist and cloud and rain;
Here winds from North and South howl [strong,
Yet high above resounds my song.
I am the mountain herdsman.

When jagged lightnings pierce the sky,
I stand in Heaven's own blue so high,
And cry to them with swelling breast,
"Oh, leave my Father's house at rest!"
I am the mountain herdsman.

When watch-fires shine from peaks afar,
And the alarm wakes to war,
Down the steep sides speed along,
Swing free my sword and sing my song,
I am the mountain herdsman.

UHLAND.

V.

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

There are many wonderful countries. There was one where Saturn ruled in the Golden Age when Time was young. There were Paradise, and the land of the Golden Fleece, the Isles of Greece, the far-famed seat of Ilium, the lands through which Ulysses wandered, the "undiscovered country," the country of "the man without a country," and there are the far away islands in unknown but sunny seas that poets sing about. There is the continent of Lemuria, sunk, but hardly beyond the reach of the sunshine, under the Indian seas, where the evolutionists are fain to locate the "missing link" between the highest animals and the lowest men. There is the lost Atlantis, of which the priests of Egypt told the Greeks, and the tumult of whose whelming 'neath the sea still echoes in Carribbean tradition, and there are the seats where civilization is supposed to have originated. Could we study Egypt betore the Sphinx was fashioned or the great Pyramid reared, and learn how she evolved that splendid civilization with which she bursts upon the earliest page of history, a civilization upon which it is perhaps doubtful if men have made much improvement in the fifty or hundred intervening centuries—nothing could be more fascinating. But my theme is a country more wonderful than any of these, a land seemingly reserved to the last because the best, fitted by nature to be the arena of the redemption of mankind, peopled by the most vigorous, the most intelligent, the most religious, the most genuine and manly race of men that ever existed, albeit compounded of many races; a land surpassing all others in every conceivable respect, still in its veriest infancy, but already in the front and at the head of nations. That land is ours.

It is the youngest and like Benjamin the favorite of Father Time. It is the heir of all the ages and of all the empires—of all art, invention, science, literature, law and religion. To it the future kneels like a child to its mother, for in its keeping are the destinies of mankind, all the race may hope to gain no less than all it has gained. Even in its physical and material aspects its grandeur eclipses all that has been before. Set like a gem in the midst of the seas, halfway between Asia and Europe, arched over by serene skies in which while yet the setting sunlight lingers a new day is breaking, its imperial expanse, exceeding that of Europe, embraces all landscapes, enjoys all climates, and is bountiful of all products. On its ample bosom fifty millions of human beings keep up such a ceaseless round of activity as the rolling planet never before presented to the all-beholding Sun. Already have they divided one-fourth of their arable patrimony into ten thousand million dollars' worth of farms, and every thousand days more farming land than there is in

France is brought under fence and plow. Twelve million horses and mules, trailing five hundred million dollars' worth of agricultural machinery, tickle these farms till they smile with a burthen of three thousand million bushels of grain. Thirty-five million cattle and thirty-eight million sheep feed on a million hills, while thirty-four million swine fatten amongst the yellow corn, and three thousand million pounds of cotton whitens all the borders of the Southern coast.

Stored away under the comely wheat and corn fields and the pleasant pastures, and hidden in the dark chambers of the mountains, are ores of all the metals, vast beds and ledges of iron, and an area of mineral coal larger than Spain, three times the extent of all the known coal in the rest of the world. Yearly we draw on this coal bank for seventy million tons of fuel to move the engines and fire the furnaces that run out forty-five hundred thousand tons of pig iron, and then transform the same into steel and rolled iron. Between two vernal equinoxes one hundred thousand tons of lead and eighty million dollars in gold and silver are extracted from their ores by thrice thirty thousand miners. Fifty thousand steam engines and as many water wheels with the power of two hundred million men move the machinery in tens of thousands of mills, which cost twenty-five hundred millions to build, which pay yearly wage of a thousand million dollars to three million artisans, who skilfully transform three thousand million dollars' worth of raw material into five thousand million dollars' worth of manufactured articles. A hundred thousand axe-men, daily stripping three million dollars' worth of lumber and fuel from our forests, hardly make an impression on them. The solid Continent trembles under the tread of twenty thousand iron horses, passing in every direction incessantly over a hundred thousand miles of double lines of steel, representing a world's ransom in value, hauling in three hundred thousand wagons two hundred and fifty million tons of freight, and as many passengers as the entire population of Europe, every year; while ten thousand steamers and sailing vessels darken with their smoke pipes or lighten with their white wings thirty thousand miles of navigable rivers, twenty thousand miles of coast, and the most magnificent chain of lakes on the globe.

Out of our natural and artificial products we sell abroad nine hundred millions a year, and buy and bring home three-fourths as much, taking the balance in gold, to add to the eighty millions gold and silver we dig out of the ground, and increase the proportion of specie in our fifteen hundred millions of circulating medium. Ten thousand telegraph offices send six hundred million words a year over the land and through the sea on wires whose combined length would reach from the Earth to her Satellite, while ten thousand cities and hamlets are almost shaded from the sun by nets of telephone wires, giving the houses a common auditorium when desired. The payments made in a single room in our chief metropolis are twenty millions a day, while the payments of the entire country in a year are one hundred thousand million dollars. We produce altogether twelve thousand millions in value per annum, and we are worth, all told, thirty-two thousand million dollars, eight hundred and twenty-five dollars to every soul of us.

Coming now to less material aspects of this wonderful country of ours, it takes on new grandeur. We have paid off a thousand millions of national indebtedness and and made our national credit second to none within fifteen years, and that on the heels of a civil war which consumed ten thousand millions of dollars and half a million of lives in their prime. To the disabled in the great war we pay pensions of fifty millions a year. Our mail service distributes five million papers, letters and cards between sun and sun through forty-five thousand post offices. Ten thousand printing presses daily throw off five million copies of papers and periodicals, saying nothing of books and pamphlets, involving the setting up and distributing of myriads of types. These impressions of the power press would yearly put a girdle around the globe one hundred feet in width.

"Society is organized in other countries," said the man who has perhaps most signally illustrated the fact, "on the principle of permanent classes, fixed and rigid as the layers of rock that form the earth's crust. At the bottom, under the superincumbent weight of all their institutions and population are the laboring poor, and there they must remain. Here there are no classes. Our society does not resemble the crust of the earth with its impassable barriers of rock, but resembles rather the waters of the mighty sea, deep, broad, boundless, but yet so free in all its parts that the drop which mingles with the sand at the bottom is free to rise through all the mass of waters till it flashes in the light on the crest of the highest wave."

"The right of free self-government has been in all ages the bright dream of oppressed humanity," said a great Senator, "the sighed-for privilege to which thrones dynasties and powers have so long blocked the way. France seeks it by forced marches and daring strides. Mr. Foster, Secretary for Ireland, tells the peerage of Great Britain it must take heed lest it fall; and Westminster and England ring with dread echoes of applause. But in the fulness of freedom the Republic of America is alone in the Earth, alone in its grandeur, alone in its blessings, alone in its promises and possibilities, and therefore alone in the devotion due from its citizens."

But yesterday the people of forty States, after months of heated discussion, dropped ten million white ballots into a hundred thousand urns, for their Chief Magistrate, without violence, peacefully and in order; the result was determined and declared in the same spirit, and the man who received the most votes quietly entered upon his duties, a living exemplification of the truth stated by himself years ago, namely:

"There is no boy in America, however humble his birth, or in whatever depth of poverty his lot may be cast, who if he have a strong arm, a clear head, and a brave heart, may not rise by the light of our schools and the freedom of our laws, until he shall stand foremost in the honor and confidence of his countrymen."

And although the bullet of an assassin, a wretch human only in form, destitute of moral attributes, totally depraved if such can be, has since brought the man who was once this boy into the very portals of Death, yet no one's faith in our institutions has been thereby weakened

but rather the reverse. For such a rampart of strong arms has been thrown around the sufferer, so to speak, such a world of warm hearts has continuously prayed for his recovery as to convince the most unthinking that never was Magistrate so strong in the affections of a people as he whom they have freely chosen to be such—that, indeed, it were better to rob the lioness of her young than the people of their chief so chosen.

[Since this was written the cruel wound has proved fatal. The President has died of the dastardly blow. But so noble was his life and so grand his death that one can no longer pity him, all must envy him rather. To conceive of the unique tribute paid to him, it is only necessary to compare the small circle that would be disturbed by an ordinary person's death, with all civilized mankind. Possibly a door or two would be draped in the one case; in the other one might almost say "the Heavens are hung in black." Certainly the universal globe is draped in mourning. All mankind have watched at his bedside through his long illness, now bright with hope, again plunged in despair, praying incessantly, doing what they could; now they follow the hearse and mingle their tears in a great and common sorrow. Never was there a crueller sadder death; never passed there away a man before in any age or clime so loved and regretted. Illustrious in all the walks of life, a simple manly man, working his way from the bottom to the top, never found wanting, if Providence had desired to set a model for the young of this wonderful and growing and shining land, it is hard to see how it could have done better than in the case of Garfield. God rest his true heart and pure soul, and may there be more like him save in the untimely and cruel manner of his death.]

We raise and spend a hundred millions a year on our schools. We have four hundred colleges with forty thousand students; ten thousand academies and private schools with four hundred thousand scholars; and two hundred thousand free public schools with ten million pupils. Seventy-five thousand men preach the Gospel of peace and good will in sixty-five thousand churches, having twelve million members and adherents, and a seating capacity for as many more.

We take out ten thousand patents yearly on new inventions. Steam and the telegraph are comparatively old. The telephone was required to make the Christian idea of the brotherhood of man possible. Soon we shall be talking with each other over all lands and through all seas and thus invention will prove again as it always has the most potent factor in religion. Only in the track of mechanical invention have the blessings of civilization come to mankind. What it has done would fill a Bodleian library, and it was never so active as now, We are on the eve of electrical illumination and locomotion. We are about to decompose water and substitute one of its chief elements for coal and wood as fuel. We are fast learning to discern the weather in advance. By the invention and application of machinery we have multiplied the productive power of the human race by five, and the process continues at an ever increasing rate of speed. Anon we shall compel the sun's rays to bring to our ears the tumult in his photosphere, where molten metals run in

waves a hundred thousand miles high and are swept along at the rate of one hundred miles a second.

But this resume of the tremendous possessions, resources, energies and possibilities of our country is overwhelming enough without our journeying out into the universe of stars with the astronomers, or without our looking ahead, even fifty years. At first it required the mind of a Jefferson to forecast the future of this country, but it would apparently require a greater still to help forecasting it now. The child is already born who will see it all, inconceivably vast as it now is, quadrupled. Individual man seems helpless in presence of it, or rather in the midst of it, and he must pluck up heart, or civilization will get the best of him. Its movement begins to seem like that of the winds and seas, or of the suns and planets, rather than like anything set in motion by so puny a creature, but man need not be puny. He is greater than it all, he and the forces, seen and unseen, by which he is impelled. But in the mass and the rush the weak must be made strong lest they be trampled to death. There are five million children growing up in ignorance to be voters, the large majority of them of that prolific race but now emancipated, with the degradation of generations of slavery born in them. What kind of a verdict on men and measures will they and the million foreigners yearly landed on our shores, place in the balloting urns in the years to come! "Alone in the devotion due from its citizens," said the Senator. This is something about which every citizen should interest himself.

There are those "hanging on the verge" of this wonderful country, so to speak, who appear to think they can stem and turn aside the ideas and forces it embodies and illustrates. They would have the shadow on the Dial of Time return backward ten degrees not only, but to the eve of the dawn of civilization. Gathering aliens from every land, they would plant through them in the heart of the western limb of the Republic, alien institutions. They would found a State governed by priests that shall ultimately have universal dominion. Necessarily is their hand against every man and every man's hand against them.

All around these misguided people is the American, who loves and reveres the genius of his country—justice, whose religion is right conduct, whose ethics are fair play. Fifty millions of them, soon to be a thousand millions, busy as bees, crystalizing justice to all in bills of rights, constitutions, institutions, laws, creeds, acts, deeds, on the best of all the continents. The struggle is ever on them and ever to be fought. Erroneous views may be held in localities, everywhere through human imperfection and weakness, wrongs are perpetrated, abuses exist, the ideal is lost sight of, is obscured or distorted; but with almost infinite fidelity and patience, the effort is renewed and maintained whether man the individual will or not, and the triumphant glory of full success, when it shall have been realized in our country and shall have gone hence through all others and made men free, just, gentle, comfortable and happy—the glory of full and final success can hardly be more grand than the struggle itself. What folly to endeavor to wall out from Utah the influences that are working this stupendous miracle! Why not en-

deavor to exclude the sunlight, or to arrest the north wind at the border? It is the mission of America to give freedom, with the regeneration it implies, to mankind, not by the use of physical force, but by the power of an illustrious example. Who is it that pleads a Divine commission to obstruct this process? And to which are they going forward, triumph or defeat? They are as capable of answering as we are if they will but be candid with themselves.

O. J. HOLLISTER.

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VI.

MEMORY.

The following poem was written by the late President James A Garfield over twenty years ago.

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the window save my own
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicate pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted shadowly land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue upon its craggy cliffs
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days.
Upon its gentle, sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny joyous land below,
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where awoke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall:
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy the life-path leads along.

VII.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

Shakspeare has said:

> "There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
> That treason can but peep to what it would."

This may have been true in the year 1616, but of late it seems that one assassin, "doth tread upon another's heel. So fast they follow." Turn the soiled and crowded pages of history where we may and we find that there have been more attempts upon the lives of Czars, Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, Rulers and prominent officials, during the last century than at any other period of history. It remained for the French Revolution with its blood and horror, to disabuse the minds of the people of the idea that the persons of kings and governors were sacred.

The orators of the tribune revived the Greek and Roman rant about the rights of the people, and taught the doctrine that it was lawful to slay tyrants for the good of mankind.

In every issue of Marat's newspaper, *L' Ami du People*, mention was made of the noble services of Brutus, Harmodius and Aristogition. It was the daily effort of that billious editor to prove that these men were the saviors of the people. And the vile demagogue was one of the first to experience the fatal effects of his preaching when Charlotte Corday traveled from Caen and took his life.

True nobility of character does not seem to have been any protection to the rulers of the past, and on the other hand assassins have not whetted their daggers to destroy kings because they were tyrranical and dissolute.

Louis XIV of France reigned seventy-two years, from 1643 to 1715 and no one attempted to take his life, though he confiscated all the liberties of his people and oppressed them with unjust taxation. Louis XV whose reign lasted fifty-nine years, from 1715 to 1774, disgraced his race by his crimes and immoralities. His character was utterly sensual, selfish and base. He forsook his queen, surrounded himself with the vilest society and lived to the end of his life in extreme debauchery, such as has rendered his name a proverb. And yet he was only molested once, and Damiens repeatedly declared that he did not intend to kill the king but only to punish him.

In Prussia Frederick William I. was fond of the company of the low and illiterate, was continually implicated in foreign wars; while his childish love of tall soldiers induced him to connive at the most flagrant outrages both at home and abroad for kidnapping tall men and forcing them into his service. He carried to the utmost his ideas of arbitrary power and the divine right of kings. Frederick II. surnamed, "the Great," cherished at once contempt and suspicion of his fellow-creatures.

He declared the citizen class to be destitute alike of ability and honor, and relied not on the love of his subjects but on his army and purse. Yet each of these kings lived to a good age, reigned unharmed and seemed to be generally venerated.

Since the French Revolution in 1792 hardly a monarch in Europe has reigned for a decade without having his life attempted.

GERMANY.

The year 1819 was marked by the murder of the dramatist Kotzebue, which caused a profound sensation throughout Germany. Kotzebue having rendered himself unpopular by his reactionary writings, some students of Monheim, entered into a plot, and drew lots as to who should kill him. The lot fell upon Karl Sand, a young man whose mildness of temper unfitted him to be a murderer, but who, nevertheless, perpetrated his crime with reckless daring, and afterward, having made an ineffectual attempt to commit suicide, went to the scaffold without quailing.

Serious attempts were made on the life of the king Frederick William II., of Prussia, by an assassin named Tesch, who fired two shots at him. July 26, 1844.

Again on May 22, 1850, another attempt was made to assassinate Frederick William IV of Prussia, a man of the name of Sofelage, a Westphalian, attempted to shoot the king to the cry of "Liberty for all."

On July 14, 1861, Becker, a Leipsic student, attempted to assassinate William I of Prussia. Becker was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

On May 7, 1866, a man by the name of Blind attempted to assassinate Bismarck.

In May, 1866, Eugene Cohen fired five shots at Bismarck while the latter was walking Unter den Linden, in Berlin, one of which struck and slightly wounded the great Minister.

In 1872 Bismarck's life was again attempted, this time by a man of the name Westerwelle, and still again, in 1874, at Kissingen when he was again wounded by a man of the name of Kullman, a fanatical cooper. Kullmann was sentenced to 14 year's imprisonment.

On May 11, 1879, the German Emperor was shot by Hoedel; and on June 2, less than a month later, by Nobeling, receiving on the latter occasion wounds by which his life was seriously endangered.

Nobeling killed himself in prison, while Hoedel perished on the scaffold.

FRANCE.

On the 19th of April, 1779, the French plenipotentiaries who had been to Rastadt to negotiate a peace with Germany after the Old Napoleon's Italian campaign were treacherously murdered.

On the 24th of December, 1800, the Old Napoleon himself came near being killed by an infernal machine which exploded as he was riding out of the Place du Carrousel. The conspirators in this case were Royalists.

In 1804, George Cadoudal, a Breton, with General Pichegru plotted to take Napoleon's life. Cadoudal was guillotined, while Pichegru com-

mitted suicide. Napoleon had two other very narrow escapes, one at St. Cloud in 1804, when he was shot at in his garden by a person who was never caught, and another at Dresden, when his would be assassin was a student. The student was executed.

On the 13th of February, 1820, Charles duc de Berri, father of the Comte de Chambord, was stabbed on the steps of the old Opera House in Paris, by Louvel. Without doubt this assassination led to important political consequences. For political prophets have asserted, that had the same Duc de Berri lived the Bourbon dynasty would not have been overthrown in 1830.

Louis Phillippe, who reigned from 1830 to 1848, was shot at nineteen times. The most resolute attempt upon his life was that made by the Corsican Fieschi by means of an infernal machine contrived with gun-barrels, on the 28th of July, 1835. The King was not hit, but Marshal Mortier and twelve other persons were killed. At the same time, the machine having exploded, Fieschi was seriously wounded. Doubtless the man was a mere instrument; but although offers of a pardon were made him if he would betray his accomplices, he refused to do so even when he was on the scaffold, and nobody yet knows on behalf of which political faction he was acting.

No less than seven attempts were made on the life of Napoleon III. In October, 1852, a conspiracy to blow up Napoleon III with an infernal machine containing one thousand five hundred projectiles was frustrated by the activity of the police.

On the 5th of July, 1853, a second attempt was made on the life of Napoleon III on his way to the Opera Comique.

In 1855, the Italian, Pianori, shot twice at the French Emperor in the Tuileries garden.

In 1857, the Italian conspirators, Tibaldi, Bartoletti, and Grelli, arrived in Paris with the intention of murdering the Emperor, but fell into the hands of the police before their designs could be carried into execution.

On January 14th of 1858, Orsini, Gomez, Pieri and Rudio, made their famous attempt to blow up the Emperor and Empress with bombshells on their way to the opera. Had Orsini's confederates displayed the same nerve and desperate courage as Orsini himself did in throwing the bombs at the Emperor's cariage, it would have been impossible for this attempt to have failed. Three shells were exploded. Their Majesties escaped with some slight contusions, but two persons were killed and many wounded. The imperial coach was broken in several places by the shell fragments.

In 1859 an attempt was made upon Napoleon's life which has remained a mystery. His Majesty was shot at by a garde-forestier in the forest of Compiegne; it is thought that justice was administered on the spot by the Emperor's attendants; but at all events the newspapers received orders not to mention the affair.

In December, 1862, another attempt on the life of Napoleon was made by a band of Italian assassins. The attempt failed and the would-be murderers were captured.

Again in 1864, another attempt was made on the life of the French Emperor, and an Italian who had joined in this Græco-Trabuco plot for assassinating the Emperor, was pistoled in the courtyard of a house in the Rue de Vaugirard while resisting the detectives who had been sent to arrest him: but the public heard nothing of this affair until the private papers of the Tuileries were published in 1870.

ENGLAND.

On the 10th of May, 1812, Mr. Spencer Perceval, who had been Prime Minister of England since 1809, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by Bellingham, who was hanged the same month.

On the 28th of January, 1817, the Prince Regent was fired at as he was driving to the House of Lords to open Parliament, the ball shattering the window of his coach, but doing him no harm.

In 1820 originated the Cato-street conspiracy, by which Thistlewood and his accomplices planned to murder the principle members of Lord Liverpool's Ministry on the occasion of a dinner given at Lord Harrowby's house on the 20th of February. Three days afterward the conspirators were arrested and on the 1st of May, 1810, were executed.

On June 19, 1832, an assault was made on William IV by a discharged Pensioner at Ascot.

On June 10, 1840, Edward Oxford, a lad of seventeen attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria. He fired two shots but missed. He was pronounced insane by the jury who tried him and sentenced to confinement in a lunatic asylum during her Majesty's pleasure.

John Francis, son of a machinist in Drury Lane, fired at the Queen on May 30, 1842, from the spot where Oxford had made his attempt at assassination. The Queen was in her carriage which was moving rapidly when Francis fired at the distance of only a few feet. The deadly bullet failed to do its work. Francis was condemned to death, but while justice slept mercy plead for him and his sentence was commuted on July 2nd, 1842, to imprisonment for life.

The very day after this mitigation of punishment became known a hunchback boy named Bean made an attempt to assassinate the Queen. In the very act of presenting his pistol he was arrested. The pistol was loaded with powder, paper and scraps of clay pipe. Bean was tried and imprisoned eighteen months.

On May 10, 1849, an Irish bricklayer named Hamilton fired a pistol loaded only with powder at the Queen, on Constitution Hill, where two previous attempts had been made. His sentence was seven years transportation.

Robert Pate, a cashiered Lieutenant of Hussars, struck the Queen in the face with a cane, on June 28, 1850. This was an assault certainly, but not an assault with intent to kill. Pate received a sentence of seven years transportation.

On Feruary 29th, 1872, Arthur O'Connor, a boy of seventeen, presented an unloaded pistol at the Queen. His punishment was whipping and imprisonment for one year.

SPAIN.

February 2, 1852, Merio attempted to assassinate Isabella II., of Spain.

May 28, 1856, a Spaniard of the name of Raimond Fuentes was arrested just as he was in the act of firing a pistol at Isabella II. and the execution of his murderous design prevented.

On October 25th, 1878, an attempt was made to assassinate the King of Spain by the Socialist, Moncas, who, taken red-handed, paid with his life the penalty of his crime.

And again on December 31., 1879, Otero attempted to shoot the King and Queen of Spain.

RUSSIA.

On March 24, 1801, the Emperor, Paul of Russia, was assassinated at eight in his palace in St. Petersburg, by his nobles.

The life of the late Alexander II was five time attempted before his final taking off. First at St. Petersburg, April 16, 1866, when a man named Karakozue attempted to assassinate him. Karakozue after trial was executed. Again in Paris,on June 6th, 1867, during the exhibition when the Pole Beregowski, fired at the carriage containing the two Emperors of France and Russia, as it was returning from a review at Longchamps; again at St. Petersburg, on April 14th, 1879, when he was shot at by Soloview, and on Dec. 1st of the some year when the mine near Moscow was exploded; still again on February 17th, 1880, when the mine under the Winter Palace was exploded; and finally, on March 13th of this year, when he was at last killed by a bomb thrown at his carriage as he was driving through the streets of St. Petersburg.

OTHER COUNTRIES.

On February 17, 1853, the Emperor of Austria was stabbed in the back by a Hungarian shoemaker of the name of Liebenyi.

On March 20, 1854, Ferdinand Charles III, Duke of Parma, was stabbed by an unknown hand. Part of the dagger remained in the wound which it inflicted, and the Duke died after twenty-three hours of terrible suffering. The murderer escaped.

On December 8, 1856, Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies, was attacked at a review by one of his own soldiers, who wounded him with his bayonet.

In 1862, the Queen of Greece, was wounded by a pistol shot fired by the student Dosios.

On June 10, 1868, Prince Michael of Servia and a lady of his family were brutally murdered in the park of Topeider.

On August 6, 1875, the President of the Republic of Ecuador, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, was murdered in the Government House at Quito.

In April, 1877, the President of the Republic of Paraguay, and his brother were assassinated.

On Sunday, Nov. 17, 1878, an attempt was made to assassinate King Humbert in Naples at a public reception. The King and also the Prime Minister Cairoli were slightly wounded. The assassin, who was

arrested, protested that his only motive was that he hated kings.

The rumor was revived that the International Society had decreed the death of all the sovereigns of Europe. The name of the assassin was Passante whose sentence of death was commuted at his Majesty's own instance to one of perpetual imprisonment.

UNITED STATES.

On January 30, 1835, the memorable assault on President Jackson was made. The President was in Washington, attending the funeral of the Honorable Warren R. Dixie, a late Representative in Congress from South Carolina. While out upon the portico, holding the arm of Mr. Woodbury, the Secretary of the Navy, he was confronted by a stranger, who, at a distance of eight feet, deliberately leveled a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire. He dropped it and instantly drew another, which also missed fire. The President discovering the desperate design of the assassin, released his hold of Mr. Woodbury's arm and advanced quickly toward him with uplifted cane, but before he could reach him, Lieutenant Gedney of the Navy had knocked the assassin down and disarmed him. He was taken to jail, and proved to be a crazy Englishman, named Lawrence, a house painter by occupation, but long out of employment, and, like Bellingham, who murdered Mr. Perceval, the British Prime Minister, in 1811, attributed his business misfortune to the Government, and held its head responsible for them. With more mercy and less justice than was shown Bellingham, Lawrence was sent to a lunatic asylum, where, after several years' confinement, he died.

President Jackson for some time believed that this attempt on his life was the result of a conspiracy, and the person he most suspected was the Honorable George Poindexter, Senator from Mississippi. There are preserved with his papers two affidavits, which probably furnished the foundation of such an impression. General Jackson and Governor Poindexter had once been friends. The latter was his ablest and most eloquent defender when the General's conduct in the Seminole War was arraigned in Congress in 1819. While their quarrel had its origin in politics, there was also a considerable admixture of personal misunderstanding and repulsion. So prejudiced was Jackson's mind toward his former friend that he could have believed almost anything of him. Lawrence's visits to Poindexter's house were satisfactorily explained. He had called there to solicit work.

The assassination of President Lincoln was one of the darkest deeds recorded. President Lincoln had often been warned of the danger to which his life was exposed, but had never taken any precautions against it, believing it unlikely to be attempted. On the evening of Good Friday, April 14th, 1865, he visited Ford's Theatre, Washington, accompanied by his wife and two or three personal friends. The play was "The American Cousin." About ten o'clock in the evening a man entered the President's box, and having just barred the passage leading to it, approached Mr. Lincoln from behind, placed a pistol close to his head and fired. He then leapt from the front of the box upon the stage,

brandishing a dagger, and rushing across in front of the foot-lights, shouted, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*! The South is avenged!" disappeared behind the scenes and escaped by the stage door. The assassin was immediately recognized as John Wilkes Booth, a brother of Edwin Booth, and himself an actor of some popularity in the South.

Mr. Lincoln's head fell slightly forward, his eyes closed, and consciousness never returned. He was removed to a private house on the opposite side of the street from the theatre, where he died at twenty-two minutes past seven the next morning.

The following is a graphic description of the tragedy by Walt Whitman:

"Of the actual murder of President Lincoln, though so much has been written, probably the facts are yet very indefinite in most person's minds. I read from my memoranda, already published, written at the time on the spot, and revised frequenty and finally since.

The day, April 14, 1865, seems to have been a pleasant one throughout the whole land—the moral atmosphere pleasant too—the long storm so fratricidal, full of blood and doubt and gloom over and ended at last by the sunrise of such an absolute National victory, an utter breakdown of secession—we almost doubted our own senses! Early herbage, early flowers were out. (I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the odor of those blossoms. It never fails.)

But I must not dwell on accessories. The deed hastens. The popular afternoon paper of Washington, the little Evening Star, had spattered all over its third page, divided among the advertisements in a sensational manner in a hundred different places, "The President and his lady will be at the theatre this evening." (Lincoln was fond of the theatre. I have myself seen him there several times. I remember thinking how funny it was that he, in some respects the leading actor in the stormiest drama known to real history's stage, through centuries, should sit there and be so completely interested and absorbed in those human jack straws, moving about with their silly gestures and flatulent text.)

On this occasion the theatre was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well-known citizens, young folks, the clusters of gas lights the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful with perfumes, music of violins and flutes—(and over all, and saturating all, that vast, vague wonder, victory the Nation's victory, the triumph of the Union; filling the air, the thought, the sense, with exhilaration more than all music and perfumes.)

The President came betimes, and, with his wife, witnessed the play from the large stage-boxes of the second tier, two thrown into one and profusely draped with the National flag. There is a scene in the play representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies are informed by an impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and therefore undesirable for marriage-catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio made exit, leaving the stage free for a moment. At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Great as that was with all its manifold train, circling round it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World, in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any common occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation for instance. Through the long hum following the stage pause with the change of positions came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one-hundredth part of the audience heard at the time—and yet a moment's hush—somehow, surely a vague, startled thrill—and then through the ornamented, draperied, starred, striped spaceway of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage (a distance of from fourteen to fifteen feet) falls out of position,

catching his boot heel in a copious drapery (the American flag), falls upon one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened—he really sprains his ankle, but unfelt then—and so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain, black broadcloth, bareheaded, with a full head of glossy raven hair, and his eyes like some wild animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain calmness holds aloft in one hand a large knife—walks along not much back from the footlights—turns fully toward the audience his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity—launches out in a steady voice the words 'sic semper tyrannis'—and then walks with neither slow or very rapid pace across to the back of the stage and disappears.)Had not all this terrible scene—making the mimic ones preposterous—had it not all been rehearsed in blank, by Booth beforehand ?)

A moment's hush—a scream—the cry of murder—Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, 'He has killed the President!' * * * And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the deluge!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty—the sound, somewhere back, of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed—the people burst through the chairs and railings and break them up—that noise adds to the queerness of the scene—there is inextricable confusion and terror—women faint—quiet feeble persons fall and are trampled on—many cries of agony are heard—the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation, with a dense and motley crowd like some horrible carnival—the audience rush upon it, at least the strong men do—the actors and actresses are there in their play costumes and painted faces, with moral fright showing through the rouge, some trembling—some in tears—the screams and calls, confused talk—redoubled, trebled—two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box—others try to clamber up, etc.

In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's guard, with others suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in, some two hundred altogether; they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charged the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting, 'Clear out! clear out! you sons of ——.' Such the wild scene or a suggestion of it rather, inside the play house.

And in that night-pandemonium of senseless hate, infuriated soldiers, the audience and the crowd—the stage and all its actors and actresses its paint pots, spangles and gas lights—the life-blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drips slowly down, and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips.

At the same hour when President Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, was attacked in his house by a desperate villian, and it became known that an elaborate plot had been formed for murdering at the same moment nearly all the chief civil officers of the government. The conspiracy was participated in to a greater or less extent by at least nine persons, eight of whom were tried by a military commission, and four of them, including a woman were executed. Three were sentenced to hard labor on the Dry Tortugas for life, and one for six years; one died there, and the other three were pardoned by President Johnson.

Booth was tracked, and finally some days after the murder, was shot in a barn in Maryland, refusing to surrender, and being armed and threatening violence to those who were trying to arrest him.

The funeral honors paid President Lincoln have seldom been surpassed in impressiveness, and perhaps never equalled in popular sorrow. The body was embalmed, and lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol on April 20th, and on the 27th the funeral train started for Springfield, Illinois. The remains lay in state in Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and Springfield, and the interment took place at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield,

on May 4th. On October 15th, 1874 the remains were removed to an elaborate tomb at Oak Ridge Cemetery, surmounted by a statue of "The Martyr President."

On Saturday, July 2nd., an attempt was made to assassinate President James A. Garfield in the City of Washington, D. C. The President was in the waiting room of the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad Depot, about to take the train for New York, when the assassin, Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed office seeker, approached him from behind and fired two shots, one of which passed through his coat sleeve, and the other entered his body. Guiteau was immediately arrested and taken to jail.

President Garfield was removed at once to the White House, where he remained until by a special train he was taken to Long Branch, where he expired at 10:35 p. m. on Monday, September 19.

OBITUARY.

James A. Garfield, President of the United States is dead. To-day the Nation weeps because the statesman of exalted principle and undaunted courage is lost in her counsels; because the Christian of humble spirit and strong faith has passed away; because the man of sterling worth has fallen. Tears of profound grief have filled the eyes of friend and foe and stranger alike, as they have watched the life in its ebb and flow and have witnessed the agony of the sufferer and bowed at length at the open grave. Millions of hearts at home have to-day in silence breathed the sad, sad "vale, vale," and farewells have come from across the seas in a long wail of anguish. Eloquent tributes have been paid to his memory and fitting eulogies of his merits pronounced, but every soul has felt within itself a homage more eloquent than words have expressed. Every week of his suffering has served to increase the great sympathy of the people. With every defeat in his terrible contest with the dread enemy, their love has grown stronger and tenderer. The bitterness and indignation manifested during the first days of the great tragedy gave place to profound sorrow as the long struggle neared its end, and the life went out in peacefulness and the weary eyes closed in restful sleep. A shadow has fallen upon the Nation, but it is not without gleams of light from the far beyond. A deep conviction rests upon the heart of the American people that the beloved dead has risen to a glorious immortality. His path of life has led him to the "summit where the sunbeams fall," and dare we not believe that from this vantage-ground his hand will still be raised in blessings upon the nation? With Washington, with Lincoln, with Garfield enshrined in the hearts of the people, treason must stand abashed, the assassin's hand be palsied and wickedness perish in its own corruption.

What American citizen so dastard as not to feel the lessons of the hour?

In tearful sympathy we enter the home now so desolate. The tender, anxious love in all those days of agony; the strong patient courage of him who suffered and of her who ministered are alike held sacred in the memory of all. From such an exhibition of manhood and woman-

hood the burden of life will be taken up again with greater earnestness and stronger faith and the future will become of more hopeful aspect.

THE MASS MEETING.

The day following the reception of the tiding of our national calamity, the J. B. McKean Post of the Grand Army of the Republic held a special meeting, and in the evening a grand mass meeting of the loyal citizens assembled in front of the Walker House. At both gatherings appropriate resolutions were passed.

At the mass meeting, addresses were made by Gov. Murray, Judge Goodwin, Gen McCook, Gen. Bain, Judge McBride and Hon. Mr. Bryce, a Member of the English Parliament. The latter in a few touching words voiced the sympathy and sorrow of the people of Great Britain.

A committee on resolutions was named, viz: O. J. Hollister, Gen. McCook, Col. Shaughnessy, Judge McBride, Col. Sill, Judge Goodwin, P. H. Lannan and Dr. Douglas, to draft and report resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. The committee retired, and presently returned and submitted the following:

"The people of Salt Lake City, deploring with unspeakable sorrow the death of President Garfield, at the hands of an assassin, having assembled in mass meeting do hereby resolve:

Resolved—That we recognize in this tragic event the passing away of a great man—great in his creation and use of opportunity; great in his experience and power of usefulness; great in his wisdom and patriotism: great in his aims; great in his simplicity and withal profoundly religious—noble and admired in his life, heroic and beloved in his death: a soldier without fear; a citizen without reproach.

Resolved—That while his death, and especially the manner of it, is a National calamity than which none could be worse, it is also to the millions of his fellow-men in all lands a personal bereavement; in this land as though the eldest born were taken from every household; and that as we have watched at his bedside for long weeks, praying with all our hearts for his recovery, speaking low and walking softly the while for fear of disturbing him although thousands of miles away; so now, when his great heart is still, when his brow is cold and tenantless, when his keen eye is darkened and his lips forever closed in death, we are mourners with mankind, and particularly with his aged mother, his stricken widow and his orphaned children.

Resolved—That as President Garfield was of the best type of manhood developed by our institutions, so Mrs. Garfield is of the noblest type of womanhood; by her heroic courage and devotion she has won the affectionate regard of a great people; together they have seemed to confer new dignity on human nature; their names are written side by side on the imperishable roll of fame in letters of living light, the highest praise that can be given to either is to say that they are worthy of each other; an admiring Nation will make the survivor of this heroic pair and her children its wards whom it will cherish as their loving husband and father would have done.

Resolved—That the President was assassinated, not as the man—Garfield—but as the President, making him and his case the Nation's care as a matter of justice; therefore the expenses of his protracted illness should be assumed by Congress.

Resolved—That the physicians, surgeons and attendants of the President merit the hearty thanks of the country for their entire and unflagging devotion.

Resolved—That the blow which destroyed the President was the outcome of lawlessness; and, therefore, while we demand the speedy trial and punishment of the wretch who delivered it, we deprecate and denounce all lawless methods of disposing of him or of wreaking vengeance on him."

On motion, these were unanimously adopted.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

In Salt Lake City the day set apart for the memorial services of President Garfield was universally observed. Public buildings and private residences were heavily draped, flags were at half mast and business suspended.

At twelve o'clock—the hour corresponding with the time of the services at Cleveland—a military salute of twenty-one guns was fired at Fort Douglas, the bells in the city were tolling and the people had assembled in their respective places of worship. The Congregationalists and Methodists united with the Presbyterians at their church. The room was filled at the hour of service. The Knights of Pythias in full regalia headed by the band playing a funeral march, and followed by the James B. McKean Post of the Grand Army of the Republic filed into the church and were seated on either side of the chancel. The church was draped in a fitting manner, with the stars and stripes hung with crape and trailed with flowers. Addresses were made by Rev. McNiece, Major Bradley and Rev. T. B. Hilton, whose words were all in perfect accord with the subdued sorrow pressing upon every heart. An original poem was read by Miss Ida E. Bardwell of this city which touched every heart in the audience by its pathos and eloquence. We reproduce it below.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Dead! dead. "The head of our Nation
Lies dead," the message reads,—
A message, so full of sorrow,
That the Nation's great heart bleeds.
The struggle at last is ended,
The fight against Death's power,
And from the field of battle,
Death bears the Nation's flower.

There's a pall upon the sunshine
And a shadow on the flowers,
For our star of hope has fallen,
Making sad these hearts of ours.
While the mournful bells are tolling,

For his death in tones of woe,
The Nation's heart responsive cries,
Oh God! we loved him so.

As a people and a nation,
We lament his death to-day,
For a Nation's tears are falling,
And a Nation, kneels to pray.
Did a voice from Heaven command men
Thus to pray in this sad hour?
Nay! It only proves man's weakness,
And his faith in God's great power.

For, throughout this great Republic,
From the North, South, East and West,
Men are praying that this sadness.
To the Nation may be blest.
Strong men bow beneath the sorrow,
Which has swept across our land,
And the tear drops start unbidden,
At the friendly clasp of hand.

'Tis as though from every household,
The most cherished member there,
Had been summoned by Death's angel,
To the Better Land so fair.
Every throb of pain he suffered,
Caused a million hearts to ache,
And a million hearts wished truly,
That his suffrings they might take.

By his patient, hopeful bearing,
He called forth from every heart,
All the tend'rest, noblest, feelings,
That in every soul have part.
He resisted death so bravely,
That a universal pride,
Mingles with our grief, while thinking,
"Earth's best nobleness has died."

But the Nation, while it mourneth,
Turns with sympathy so rare,
To his wife and aged mo'her;
And for them it breathes this prayer:
"Father, let thine arms so tender,
Round these stricken ones be thrown.
Be a husband, son and father,
To the inmates of his home."

Dark, dark, would seem the future,
Were it not that this great loss,
Has softened the hearts of the people,
And drawn them nearer the cross.
It has made the nation better;
It has taught men how to love:
And a stronger tie now binds them,
To the throne of God above.

For, we think of him as being
With our martyred Lincoln, now;

And methinks that Lincoln met him,
Placed the crown upon his brow,
And the Father of Our Country,
Washington, we seem to see,
Clasping to his heart his children,
Parted, nevermore to be.

Then amid the bursts of welcome,
From the ransomed hosts that fall,
Washington, with pride, presents him,
To the Father of us all.
And enraptured with the music,
Which now bursts upon his ear
He is heeding not the dirges,
That are tolling for him here.

He has gone! but still, his mem'ry,
Like a benediction rare,
Falls upon this mourning people,
As they bow their heads in prayer.
And his name, untarnished ever,
By a falsehood, or a wrong,
Will grow brighter far, and dearer,
As the ages roll along.

At St. Mark's the services were largely attended. The church was decorated in a beautiful manner. The Knight's Templars were in attendance. Rev. C. M. Armstrong delivered the memorial address from the text "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

At St. Mary's the mass for the dead was celebrated with other appropriate ceremonies.

The day is one of mournful memory to the people of this City and Territory, and although the business of life is soon taken up again with its accustomed activity yet it will be with chastened spirits and more fervent patriotism.

IX.
BLOOD ATONEMENT.

Did the Mormon leaders ever teach the doctrine of Blood Atonement?

George Q. Cannon said to the Washington correspondent of the *Inter Ocean*: "There has been a great deal of talk about the doctrine of blood atonement. This talk originates in the fact that we do not believe in hanging. We think that if a man sheds blood his blood should be shed by execution. In Utah Territory a criminal who has been sentenced to death can elect whether he shall be shot or hung. This fact has furnished a basis for all the talk about blood atonement. It does not follow that because we believe a man who kills another should have his blood shed, each Mormon is going to be the executioner. It is a process of law and has no reference to any Church ordinance."

Brigham Young said in a sermon delivered in the Bowery, Salt Lake City, September 21. 1856:

"I want all the people to say what they will do, and I know that God wishes all His servants, all His faithful sons and daughters, the men and the women that inhabit this city, to repent of their wickedness, or we will cut them off.

I could give you a logical reason for all the transgressions in this world, for all that they are committed in this probationary state, and especially for those committed by men.

There are sins that men commit for which they cannot receive forgiveness in this world, or in that which is to come, and if they had their eyes open to see their true condition, they would be perfectly willing to have their blood spilt upon the ground, that the smoke thereof might ascend to Heaven as an offering for their sins; and the smoking incense would atone for their sins, whereas, if such is not the case, they will stick to them and remain upon them in the spirit world.

I know, when you hear my brethren telling about cutting people off from the earth, that you consider it is strong doctrine; but it is to save them, not to destroy them.

Of all the children of Israel that started to pass through the wilderness, none inherited the land which had been promised, except Caleb and Joshua, and what was the reason? It was because of their rebellion and wickedness; and because the Lord had promised Abraham that he would save his seed.

They had to travel to and fro to every point of the compass, and were wasted away, because God was determined to save their spirits. But they could not enter His rest in the flesh, because of their transgressions, consequently He destroyed them in the wilderness.

I do know that there are sins committed, of such a nature that if the people did understand the doctrine of salvation, they would tremble because of their situationr And furthermore, I know that there are transgressors, who, if they knew themselves, and the only condition upon which they can obtain forgiveness, would beg of their brethren to shed their blood, that the smoke thereof might ascend to God as an offering to appease the wrath that is kindled against them, and that the law might have its course. I will say further; I have had men come to me and offer their lives to atone for their sins.

It is true that the blood of the Son of God was shed for sins through the fall and those committed by men, yet men can commit sins which it can never remit. As it was in ancient days, so it is in our day; and though the principles are taught publicly from this stand, still the people do not understand them; yet the law is precisely the same. There are sins that can be atoned for by an offering upon an altar, as in ancient days; and there are sins that the blood of a lamb, of a calf, or of turtle doves, cannot remit, but they must be atoned for by the blood of the man.' That is the reason why men talk to you as they do from this stand; they understand the doctrine and throw out a few words about it. You have been taught that doctrine, but you do not understand it. It is our desire to be prepared for a celestial seat with our Father in Heaven.

The following is taken from a disconrse delivered by Brigham Young in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, February 8, 1857:

"Brother Cummins told you the truth this morning with regard to the sins of the people. And I will say that the time will come, and is now nigh at hand, when those who profess our faith, if they are guilty of what some of this people are guilty of, will find the axe laid at the root of the tree, and they will be hewn down. What has been must be again, for the Lord is coming to restore all things. The time has been in Israel under the law of God, the celestial law, for it is one of the laws of that kingdom where our Father dwells, that is near at hand. But now I say, in the name of the Lord, that if this people will sin no more but faithfully live their religion, their sins will be forgiven them without taking life.

You are aware that when brother Cummins came to the point of loving our neighbors as ourselves, he could say yes or no as the case might be, that is true. But I want you to connect it with the doctrine you read in the Bible. When will we love our neighbor as ourselves? In the first place, Jesus said that no man hateth his own flesh. It is admitted by all that every person loves himself. Now if we do rightly love ourselves, we want to be saved and continue to exist, we want to go into the kingdom where we can enjoy eternity and see no more sorrow nor death. This is the desire of every person who believes in God. Now take a person in this congregation who has knowledge with regard to being saved in the kingdom of our God and our Father, and being exalted, one who knows and understands the principles of eternal life, and sees the beauty and excellency of the eternities before him compared with the vain and

foolish things of the world, and suppose that he is overtaken in a gross fault, that he has committed a sin that he knows will deprive him of that exaltation which he desires, and that he cannot attain to it without the shedding of his blood, and also knows that by having his blood shed he will atone for that sin, and be saved and exalted with the Gods, is there a man or woman in this house but what would say, "shed my blood that I may be saved and exalted with the Gods?"

All mankind love themselves, and let these principles be known by an individual, and he would be glad to have his blood shed. That would be loving themselves even unto an eternal exaltation. Will you love your brothers or sisters likewise, when they have committed a sin that cannot be atoned for without the shedding of their blood? That is what Jesus Christ meant. * * * I have seen scores and hundreds of people for whom there would have been a chance (in the last resurrection there will be) if their lives had been taken and their blood spilled on the ground as a smoking incense to the Almighty, but who are now angels to the devil, until our elder brother Jesus Christ raises them up—conquers death, hell, and the grave. I have known a great many men who have left this Church for whom there is no chance whatever for exaltation, but if their blood had been spilled it would have been better for them.

This is loving our neighbor as ourselves; if he needs help, help him; and if he wants salvation and it is necessary to spill his blood on the earth in order that he may be saved, spill it. Any of you who understand the principles of eternity, if you have sinned a sin requiring the shedding of blood, except the sin unto death, would not be satisfied nor rest until your blood should be spilled, that you might gain that salvation you desire. That is the way to love mankind."

Remarks, by President Heber C. Kimball, Delivered in the Bowery Salt Lake City August 16, 1857:

"I do not feel vain, but I feel to say, brethren and sisters, lay aside your vanity and your feelings to exult; there will be a time when you can exult and do it in righteousness and mercy. There will also be a day when you will be brought to the test—when your very hearts and your inmost souls will melt within you because of the scenes that many of you will witness. Yes, you will be brought to that test, when you will feel as if everything within you would dissolve. Then will be the time you will be tried whether you will stand the test or fall away.

I have not a doubt but there will be hundreds who will leave us and go away to our enemies. I wish they would go this fall: it might relieve us from much trouble; for if men turn traitors to God and His servants, their blood will surely be shed, or else they will be damned and that too according to the covenants."

The Mormon leaders assert that "the word of Brigham Young or the Pristhood is the word of the Lord."

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

History of a Parisienne, by Octave Feuillet, published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia. Price: Cloth cover $1.00, paper 50 cents.

"Kellogg's Rhetoric" commends itself to us as being a work of great merit and an admirable text book. It combines practice with theory, an eminently distinguishing feature of all the author's works. It is not burdened with useless matter that hinders so much the progress of the learner.

"Anderson's Historical series," published by Clark and Maynard, is becoming too popular to need an extended notice. We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of "Ancient History" and "Popular History of the United States." Their adoption as text books cannot fail to awaken an increased interest in the study of history. They are worthy of a wide spread use.

Young's "Government Class Book" has just been laid upon our table. As a text book on political science it is invaluable. It is divided into two parts Principles of Government and Principles of Law, each presenting in a remarkably clear manner the several topics included in them. This revised edition is superior in its arrangement to the old and will greatly lessen the difficulties to its mastery in the way of the learner.

A careful examination of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English" and "Higher Lessons" and a year's use as books of reference have convinced us that they are superior as text books. The concise and logical arrangement of all the parts, the simplicity of the system of diagrams together with the typographical excellence will clear away many of the hard things in the study of English Grammer.

Kent's New Commentary and Manuel for Young Men, by C. H. Kent. Published by C. H. Kent Davenport, Iowa. Cloth binding $1.00.

The Commentary and Manual is an invaluable book for young men. It contains a large amount of advice and information which, if carefully read and remembered by the young men of to-day, would prove a much easier and far more pleasant method of gaining knowledge that getting it from the cruel teacher, experience. Parents wishing a good book for their boys would do well to secure this one.

We have received from the Carter's of New York "McCosh's Logic, of Discursive Thought." The work is divided into three parts—The Notion, The Judgment, and Reasoning; each part receiving exhaustive treatment by the well known author. The distinctive feature of the work is in giving prominence te the nature of the Notion and its proper relation to the judgment, rather than to the actual processes of Reasoning. In this a departure is taken from the writers of the school of Hamilton and Kant and of the other writers. It is a step ahead and makes an era in Logical History.

"Hutchinson's Physiology and Hygiene" is a valuable addltion to the text books on the subject of which lt treats. The first chapter is devoted to "Anatomy as the Framework of the body," The names of the bones of the skeleton and also the names of the principle muscles and arteries are given in tables of very convenient form for retaining in the memory. A large number of practical questions and suggestions are given throughout the book. It is neat in form, not cumbersome in matter, and clear in its treatment of the subject. We have used it and commend it for class use.

Pictorial Illustrations.—The usefulness of pictures in a general way is seen by comparing the keenness of observation, the general intelligence, the accuracy of knowledge exhibited by children brought up in the midst of an abundance of wholesome illustrated literature, with the comparative dullness of vision and narrowness of information shown by those who have not been so privileged. The foregoing, which we take from the Canada School Journal truthfully applies to the 3000 illustrations in Webster's Unabridged Dictionory, in which more thon 340 words and terms are illustrated and defined under the following twelve words; Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, Steam Engine, Timbers, as may be seen by examining the Dictionary.

MUSIC.

Received from J. M. Stoddart & Co., 728 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, "The Child's Unfinished Prayer." It is a beautiful song and no one having once heard it would be without it. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents.

We have received from Lee & Walker the following pieces of new music—Ye'll Soon be Ganging awa'; When the Sun goes down; Sing little Bluebird, Sing: Jolly Jack Tars; What shall we name the Baby and Did you ever, comic: When the Sun goes down. These songs are pretty and becoming very popular throughout the United States. They are also publishing a large number of beautiful Marches, Waltzes and quadrilles. Among their most popular songs are—The Old Red Barn: The Old House by the Lindens; Nellie of Francisco; My Bonnie Wee Scotch Lassie. Any of the above songs sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of 35 cents.

PERIODICALS.

The Missionary Review for October is upon our table. It contains 100 pages of choice matter and is well worth the price of subscription, $1.50. Publiseed at Princeton. N. J.

The American Microscpical Journal, a very useful and interesting monthly is upon our table. The September number contains nineteen ably written articles. Published by Romyn Hitchcock, No. 53 Maiden Lane, New York.

We have received the September number of the Massachusetts Eciectic Medical Journal, a forty-seven page monthly devoted to medicine and general Science, edited by G. Hermann Merkel and H. G. Barrows. Subscription $2.00 per year. Address No. 37 Cornhill, Boston.

We have received Donahoe's Magazine for October. It is a neat magazine of one hundred pages devoted to the Irish race. Edited and published by Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

The North American Review for October contains eight ably written papers: "Some Dangerous Questions," by John T. Morgan, United States Senator: "The Elements of Puritanism," by Prof. George P. Fisher; "The State and the Nation," by George F. Edmunds; The Idea of the University," by Daniel C. Gilman, President of Johnas Hopkins Unniversity; "Why Cornwallis Was at Yorktown," by Sydney Howard Gay; "Shall Two States Rule the Union?" by Thomas A. Hendricks "The Ruins of Central America. Part IX. The probable Age and Origin of the Monuments of Mexico and Central America," by Desire Charnay; "Washington as a Strategist," by Henry B. Carrington, L. L. D., Colonel United States Army.

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RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

REV. HENRY H. BARBER. REV. JAS. DE NORMANDIE.

This Review aims to serve the interests of religion in presenting the best and broadest view of liberal Christianity, and meeting the demands of current scholarship and criticism. Its position is that of reverent discipleship to Jesus Christ, positive affirmation of the being and parental character of God, recognition of his perpetual working in nature and history, and the culmination of historic revelations in the Hebrew and Christian line. While hospitable to all thoughful and reverent conviction, the Review will discuss the topics of modern thought from the stand-point of theism and rational Christianity. Giving no bonds to utter any sectarian shibboleth, and speaking as the mouthpiece of no ecclesiastical body, it will emphasize the conviction that the interests of religion, as its essential truths, demand the development of more spiritual and practical, and less dogmatic and ecclesiastical forms of religion, from the simple basis of faith and life of the New Testament; and that the most hopeful direction for its advance and adjustment with human intelligence is marked by the main positions of Unitarian Christianity. At the same time, it recognizes the necessity of enlarging the outlook, broadening the sympathies, deepening the religious purpose, and making more spiritually alive devoted, and aggressive our Unitarian Liberalism, if it is to become the refuge and helper of an age in which religion is tossed between the extremes of Agnostic indifference or hostility and the discredited assumption of Orthodox traditionalism. The Review will welcome and promote every movement looking to the harmony of scientific thought and Christian faith, and seeking to promote the co-operation of all who can stand together on the simple basis of Christian theism and discipleship. It will strive to quicken interest in moral themes, in the culture of the religious life, in the enterprises of philanthropy and wise reform and the Christian activities of the age.

Notices of the most significant religious movements of the time, and of the religious aspects of current events, will receive increased attention in the Editorial Department of this Review, and correspondents in England and on the Continent will keep its readers apprised of ecclesiastical changes, and topics of theological and humane interest abroad.

Reviews of important theological and religious publications, and notices of current literature, will form an important department of the Review; and all books or magazines received will be promptly acknowledged in the list of publications received.

Mrs. Charles Lowe will continue to prepare notes on things at Home and Abroad.

A Sermon on some living topic of Christian faith or duty will appear in each number.

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Each number of the Naturallst contains carefully written articles on various scientific subjects, and, in addition, departments of Recent Literature, Botany, Zoology, Anthropology, Geology and Paleontology, Geography and Exploration and Microscopy. The department of Botany is edited by Prof. C. E. Bessey, that of Birds and Mammals is edited by Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and that of Microscopy by Dr. R. H. Ward of Troy, N. Y. The department of Geography and travels is edited by Ellis H. Yarnall, Esq. Prof Otis T. Mason will continue his invaluable monthly summary ot Anthopological News, and will edit the department of Anthropological News, and will edit the department of Anthropology. Arrangements have been made to report the Proceedings of Scientific societies with great promptness. A digest of the contents of Foreign Scientific Journals and transactions will also each be given each month together with the Latest Home and Foreign Scientific News.

The attention of publishers and teachers is called to critical notices of scientific books, to which especially attention will be given.

A recent feature, and one which will render the "Naturalist" most useful to American Scientists and students of science, are summaries of progress made during the preceding year (1880) in different departments of science. Reviews for 1879 of progress in Botany were furnished by Prof. C. E. Bessey; In the study of Mammals and Birds by Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A.; of Crustacea by Mr. J. S. Kingsley; of Mollusca by Dr. W. H. Dall. Prof. O. A. White reported on Invertebrate Paleontology. Prof. Otis T. Mason will prepare a report on American Anthropology during 1880. American Geography and Explorations will be reported upon by Ellis H. Yarnall, Esq., and American Microscopy by Dr. R. H. Ward. These and other valuable reports will be continued during 1881.

Original articles or notices by over fifty of our leading naturalists have appeared In the volumes for 1879 and 1880, among which occur the following names:

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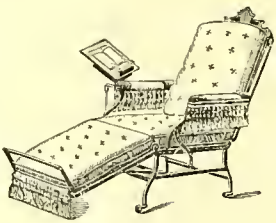

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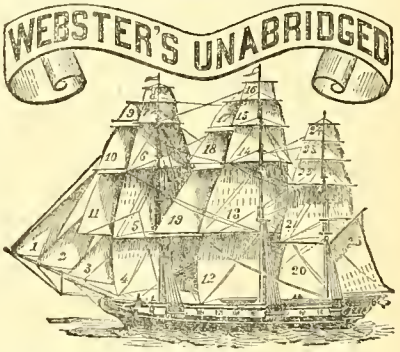

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